She was worse than Marie Curie!
She was cancer! She gave Johnny PLAGUE!

Of course, Trixie had her followers. Why not? Charles Manson had Squeaky Fromm. Trixie Sane had Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre and any number of corporate, former hippie, ex-Trotskyite, retired boomer "clients" just like her - Squeaky was motivated by pleasure; they were motivated by greed.

Trixie had plenty of client clients too - patient followers (pets). In a harsher context, they were called CAPOS. Their function remained the same. To be quislings. To co-opt criticism and resistance to her increasingly totalitarian practices.

She made smoking a cigarette more criminal than crack cocaine. Joints were fine too. She was a Viper!

She tore down the Asylum and replaced it with The New Gateway Flamingo, Headquarters of her New Age Drug Cartel.

Trixie's sometimes strange notion of understanding, sustainability, and systems leadership....

Weren't drugs a renewable resource?

For that matter, wasn't sex?

Meanwhile she transformed the loco clinic into a CTO (Community Treatment Order) Fulfillment Centre, STALAG for INTENSIVES - the future of Archway on Thing Street!

It was the hypodermic equivalent of a burger franchise, the buns being the asses of the clients - where they usually got their injections.

That SWEET SPOT....

It was indeed somewhat intensive. Trixie had Vixen Foxy and the Communications Department partner with a leading fascist advertising firm to invent a suitable euphemism. Recalcitrant would have been too obvious.